

and

WESTERN ADVENTURES

TIM HOLT



No. 8

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES





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TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM



Chito Rafferty's horse seems to be smiling at his master as Tim asks the Mexican Irishman if he can't take his mind off food and señoritas?



But this looks more serious! Tim and a badman prepare to fight it out. If Tim can duck that right and get in an uppercut, the war's over!



Tim, framed by outlaw enemies, is in jail, but Chito is right on deck with hooks, chains and mules to rip out the bars if Tim says it's OK.

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT



THE HUMAN BUZZARDS THAT HOVERED ON THE RIM OF PEACEFUL BUCKTHORN VALLEY LICKED THEIR LIPS IN GREED AS THEY STARED DOWN AT SLEEK, FAT STEERS AND FAST COW PONIES. BUT SLASH FARLEY KNEW HE AND HIS OUTLAW BAND WERE NOT STRONG ENOUGH FOR A DIRECT ATTACK. THEY PLANNED SOMETHING DIFFERENT, BUT JUST AS DEADLY —

AND WHEN TIM HOLT AND CHITO DROVE A PICKED HERD OF T-H STOCK IN TO JOIN BEN CARVER'S TRAIL HERD BOUND FOR KANSAS RAILROADS, THEY RODE INTO THE HATE-FED MAELSTROM OF FLAMING GUNS THAT WAS THE WORK OF —

THE WAR-MAKERS!

IT IS DARK WHEN TIM GETS THE LAST OF HIS CATTLE THROUGH MESA GAP AND ONTO THE BROAD FLATS OF BUCKTHORN VALLEY —

RODE OVER TO SAY HELLO, BEN. MY CATTLE ARE RESTLESS. I'M GOING TO STAND NIGHT HERD WITH THEM

MUST BE SOMETHIN' IN THE AIR. MY STOCK FEEL IT, TOO! I'M AFRAID OF A STAMPEDE...





**STAMPEDE!
STAMPEDE!**

THOSE STEERS
WILL RUN UNTIL
THEY DROP IF WE
DON'T TURN THEM—
LET'S GO, CHITO!



AAAGGHH!



**GRAB HOLD! AND
DON'T MISS! WE
WON'T HAVE A SECOND
CHANCE!**

**A DEXTEROUS TWIST OF TIM'S
POWERFUL WRISTS, AND THE FALLEN
COWPUNCHER RISES SWIFTLY—**



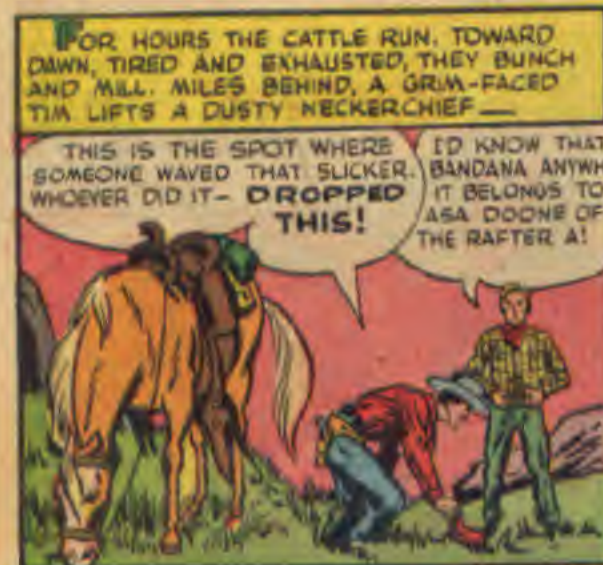
**MADE
IT!**



**THE WAVE OF MADDED
STEERS SWEEPS OVER THE
CAMP TRAMPLING GEAR
AND BEDDING—**

THERE
GO MY
COOKIN'
UTENSILS!

AN' MY
NEW SHIRT AN'
FORTY-DOLLAR
STETSON!



**FOR HOURS THE CATTLE RUN, TOWARD
DAWN, TIRED AND EXHAUSTED, THEY BUNCH
AND MILL. MILES BEHIND, A GRIM-FACED
TIM LIFTS A DUSTY NECKERCHIEF—**

THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE
SOMEONE WAVED THAT SLICKER.
WHOEVER DID IT— **DROPPED
THIS!**

I'D KNOW THAT
BANDANA ANYWHERE!
IT BELONGS TO
ASA DOONE OF
THE RAFTER A!



LATER, AT THE WRECKED CAMP—

THAT NECKERCHIEF IS
PROOF ENOUGH. GRAB
HOLD OF THESE WINCHESTERS,
YOU PUNCHERS! WE'RE
GOING TO PAY THE
RAFTER A AN
UNSOCIAL VISIT!

TIM HOLT



BECAUSE, IF YOU BIG RANCH OWNERS START A FIGHT, THERE'LL BE A BIG RANGE WAR THAT WILL SPLIT THIS VALLEY WIDE OPEN. MEN WILL BE KILLED... WOMEN WILL BE WIDOWER... IT'LL BE BLOODY AND COSTLY — AND WON'T PROVE A THING! LET THE LAW HANDLE IT!



TIM HOLT

I SAW 'EM, SLASH! THEY COME TO BLOWS ON THE PORCH — THEN THIS HOLT HOMBRE STEPPED BETWEEN 'EM



CARVER SAID IT WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH TO MAKE HIM REACH FOR HIS SIXES!



IT WON'T, HUH? WELL, I GOT THE VERY THING THAT'LL MAKE HIM DO IT!



ASA DOONE WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO — WHEN HE FINDS THIS SPUR, TOMORROW OR THE NEXT DAY...



FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, TIM AND CHITO WORK WITH THE RUNNING Y HANDS, ROUNDING UP STRAYS FROM THE STAMPEDE. ON THE MORNING OF THE SECOND DAY —



SAY, HERE COMES SHERIFF HAL LACEY. YUH DIDN'T SEND FOR HIM, DID YUH?

NO. HMMM— HE LOOKS MIGHTY GRIM.

I'M ARRESTIN' YUH FOR MURDER, CARVER. I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE. COME ALONG PEACEABLE TO STAND TRIAL.



TARNATION! I AIN'T KILLED NOBODY—THOUGH I WON'T SAY I HAVEN'T BEEN TEMPTED TO, LATELY.

YUH SHOT ASA DOONE'S FOREMAN FROM BEHIND. GOT HIM RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BACK. ONE OF DOONE'S MEN FOUND YORE SPUR RIGHT WHERE YUH WERE LAVIN' IN AMBUSH!



THIS IS A DIRTY FRAMEUP! I LOST THE SPUR A WEEK AGO!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, CHITO. TWICE NOW DOONE OR CARVER HAVE BEEN ACCUSED OF SOMETHING THEY DENY! AND BOTH TIMES SOMETHING WAS LEFT BEHIND — TO BE FOUND!



AHA! ONCE MAYBE COULD EET BE. BUT TWICE EES FOR TO BE TOO MUCH TO BELIEVE, EH?



WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THE SHERIFF AND HIS PRISONER. I'M AFRAID DOONE AND HIS BOYS MIGHT TRY TO STRING BEN UP!



THERE THEY ARE NOW! LET'S GO, CHITO!

THE GRIM RACE TO SAVE BEN CARVER'S LIFE IS DRAMATIZED BY THE THUD OF RACING HOOFES ON BARREN GROUND! FOAM FLECKS THEIR HORSES' MOUTHS AS TIM AND CHITO RIDE BENT LOW IN THE SADDLE ---

WE'VE A HEAD-START ON THEM! WE'LL GET TO BEN AND THE SHERIFF A FEW MINUTES BEFORE DOONE. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, CHITO?

SI!



SHERIFF, WE JUST PASSED ASA DOONE AND SOME OF HIS HANDS. THEY'RE RIDING AFTER YOU TO TAKE BEN AND SPRING HIM UP!

HE WOULDN'T DARE! NOW, YOU GIT, HOLT! I CAN HANDLE THEM RANAHANS!

CHITO'S SPUR "ACCIDENTALLY" JABS INTO HIS MOUNT'S SIDE...



LOOK OUT, YUH DINGBUSTED GALOOT! DON'T YUH KNOW NO BETTER'N TO-HEY!

SO SORREEE, SHEREEF!

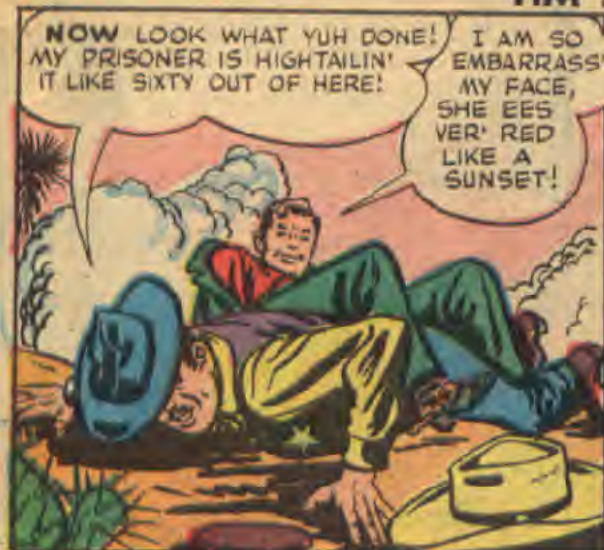


SHERIFF! SAVE ME! SAVE ME! MY 'ORSE, SHE HAS FOR TO GONE CRAZEEE!

LEMME GO! HEY, YOU! LET GO MY ARMS--!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



DOONE, YOU CLAIM YOU DIDN'T STAMPEDE CARVER'S HERD. AND I KNOW HE DIDN'T KILL YOUR FOREMAN BECAUSE HE WAS IN MY SIGHT EVER SINCE WE RODE OFF YOUR RANCH TOGETHER!

IF HE DIDN'T—WHO DID?



SOMEONE WHO WANTS YOU TWO RANCHERS TO START A LONG, BLOODY RANGE WAR! YOU'D LOSE MAN AFTER MAN—WEAKEN BOTH YOUR OUTFITS. WHEN THAT HAPPENS, THIS OUTSIDER CAN MOVE IN HIS GUNMEN AND TAKE OVER YOUR RANGE!



BY TH' ETERNAL! HOLT, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! SURE! SOME HUMAN BUZZARD IS SETTIN' UP IN THE HILLS EGGIN' US ON TO A FIGHT TO THE FINISH!

NOW, IF YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME A LITTLE LONGER...

AS THE SUN LIFTS OVER THE PEAKS OF THE SWEETWATER HILLS...



THERE'S SOMETHIN' GOIN' ON AT CARVER'S RANCH. LOOKS LIKE HOLT PASSIN' OUT RIFLES TO A BUNCH OF RIDERS! WHAT'S IT MEAN?



REMEMBER, WHEN WE SIGHT DOONE'S MEN—START SHOOTING FAST!



THE OUTLAW LOOKOUT PULLS IN HARD ON A PANTING MOUNT, MINUTES LATER—

ALL HADES HAS BUSTED LOOSE! HOLT AN' CARVER'S MEN ARE HEADED FOR THE RAFTER A. THE RANGE WAR HAS STARTED!

YUH MEAN IT?



SEE FER YORESELF!

IT'S A RUNNIN' GUN FIGHT, ALL RIGHT! THOSE OUTFITS WILL KILL EACH OTHER OFF, THEY'RE SO EVENLY MATCHED!... NOW'S OUR CHANCE! LET'S HIGHTAIL IT FOR THE RUNNING Y!

FAR BELOW, THE WAR-MAKERS SEE TIM'S MEN AND THE CREW OF THE RAFTER A MEET WITH ROARING GUNS...

AT THE EDGE OF SWEETWATER CREEK...

LET'S GO, CHITO!



RIFLES CRACK! THE SHARP ROAR OF SPITTING SINGUNS DROWNS OUT THE ANGRY SHOUTS OF FIGHTING MEN!



STOP! HOLD EVERYTHING, BOYS! I THINK I SEE WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR...



IT SURE WAS A SMART IDEA OF YOURS TO STAGE THAT FAKE BATTLE TIM, AND USE BLANK CARTRIDGES TO FOOL THEM OWLHOOTS!

THEY FELL FOR IT, TOO— WE'VE FLUSHED THEM FROM COVER! NOW LET'S SEE HOW THOSE "WAR-MAKERS" ENJOY A WAR THAT THEY'RE MIXED UP IN...

SOME MILES TO THE SOUTH...

TIM WAS RIGHT! A BUNCH OF OWLHOOTS ARE COMIN' OUT OF THE HILLS— HEADIN' FOR THE RUNNIN' Y!

I RECKON TIM CAN SEE THIS SMOKE, WHEREVER HE IS!



AS TIM CALLS, THE "DEAD" MEN GET TO THEIR FEET WITH CRIES OF EAGERNESS...

COME ALONG, YOU RANNIES! THE PLAY-ACTING IS OVER! NOW WE HAVE A REAL FIGHT AHEAD OF US!



LET'S SEE HOW THOSE "WAR-MAKERS" ENJOY A WAR THAT THEY'RE MIXED UP IN...



TIM HOLT

AS THEY NEAR THE RUNNING Y THE WAR-MAKERS ARE STARTLED BY A BURST OF RIFLE FIRE...

LOOK! THEY FOOLED US! THOSE MEN ARE DOONE'S PUNCHERS, AND CARVER'S - TOGETHER!



A FLOOD OF HOT LEAD COVERS THE FRONT YARD AS THE OUTLAWS RUN VAINLY FOR THE SHELTER OF THE RANCH HOUSE...



ON A BOLT OF GOLDEN LIGHTNING, TIM HOLT STREAKS AFTER THE CHIEF OF THE WAR-MAKERS...

I'M COMING FOR YOU, OUTLAW!



YUH RUINED MY SCHEME, YUH BLASTED COYOTE! I'LL SEE YUH DEAD....!



AND I WANT YOU - ALIVE!



TIM HOOKS A CLUB-LIKE FIST, AND SLASH FARLEY ENDS HIS WAR-MAKING CAREER WITH A SHATTERING CRASH!

THIS IS ONE TIME A RANGE-WAR ENDED BEFORE IT STARTED!



NEXT DAY, AS BEN CARVER AND ASA DOONE CLASP HANDS IN FRIENDSHIP, TIM'S VOICE RINGS OUT LOUDLY...

TIME TO HEAD FOR HOME! LET'S GO, CHITO!



THE END

TIM HOLT



NICE SHOT, KID! THAT
'PACHE WAS RIGHT
ON TOP OF
US!

I WAS LUCKY, MR. BRANDON.
BUT I WASN'T SO LUCKY
WHEN I JOINED YOUR
WAGON TRAIN AT
MUDDY CREEK...



...I THOUGHT I'D BE SAFER IN YOUR TRAIN,
BEIN' THE 'PACHES WERE ON THE WARPATH,
BUT HERE I AM IN TROUBLE ANYWAY!
I DON'T LIKE IT!

YOU
DON'T LIKE
IT-?



THAT'S JUST TOO BAD!
YUH THINK I'M ENJOYIN' THIS?
...BUT GO CRAWL INTO YER
BLASTED CALICO WAGON
AN' HIDE IF YUH'RE
SCARED...!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



THERE GOES THE MOON BEHIND A CLOUD. GOOD! I'LL TRY MY BREAK NOW!

AFTER WRIGGLING RAPIDLY LIKE A SNAKE ALONG THE GROUND FOR ABOUT FIFTY YARDS, THE CALICO KID RISES AND, CROUCHING LOW, RUNS TOWARD THE INVISIBLE ENCIRCLING BESIEGERS...



SO FAR, SO GOOD! THAT IS IF THE APACHE SENTRIES DIDN'T SEE ME...



OH-OH... THIS IS KINDA SUDDEN!

MOVING SWIFTLY, BEFORE THE UNCERTAIN APACHE REALIZES THAT HE IS AN ENEMY, THE CALICO KID SNATCHES THE INDIAN'S CARBINE AND-



UGG!

THANKS, PAL!



I DON'T THINK HE'LL GIVE ANY ALARM NOW!...THE NEXT THING TO DO IS TO FIND WHERE THEY'VE PICKETED THEIR HORSES...

THUNK

TIM HOLT

THERE'S THE MAIN CAMP THE HORSES CAN'T BE FAR AWAY...



AFTER AN HOUR OF CAREFUL CIRCUITOUS CREEPING, THE CALICO KID APPROACHES THE PICKETED APACHE HORSES, AND -



- A SUDDEN SHIFT OF THE NIGHT WIND BRINGS THE SCENT OF THE WHITE MAN TO ONE OF THE HALF-WILD INDIAN HORSES!

HUH-WHINN-HEE!



UHNT!

THOUGHT YOU'D FIND A COYOTE SNEAKING UP ON THE PONIES, HEY? BET YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ME...!



LISTEN! SOMETHING TROUBLES THE HORSES!



WAH-HOO!

ENEMY! HE STAMPEDES OUR HORSES!

AAGH!



TIM HOLT



THE WAGON TRAIN FEELS ITS WAY TOWARDS FORT TILSON, THEN AT DAWN...



HERE THEY COME AGAIN!

BUT...ONE MINUTE LATER...



BUST'EM UP, BOYS!

THE ARMY! YAAAY!

THAT SCOUT BROUGHT 'EM!

I TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ALL THE CONFUSION TO SLIP AWAY FROM THE TROOPS... DON'T THINK ANYONE SAW ME! SLIDE OVER, SING SONG, AN' LET ME SLIP INTO THE BACK...



THEY'RE ROUTED, LIEUTENANT! GOOD WORK! AND - THANKS!

DON'T THANK ME - THANK THAT WILD-LOOKING MESSENGER YOU SENT, WHOEVER HE IS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YUH KIN TAKE YORE CRUMMY WAGON AN' LEAVE THIS TRAIN, YALLER - BACK!

JUST AS YOU SAY, MR. BRANDON!



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THAT, BRANDON?

HUMPH! THAT LITTLE COWARD HID IN HIS WAGON ALL THROUGH THE FIGHT!



NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE THAT MESSENGER OF YOURS WENT TO, BRANDON.

IT'S SURE IS MIGHTY PECULIAR, BUT I'M EVERLASTINGLY GRATEFUL TUM HIM - WHOEVER HE IS...



THE END

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

DEATH IS SWIFT AND SUDDEN ON THE WESTERN RANGES. IT LEAPS FROM OUTLAW GUNS, FROM THE LURCH OF A LOCO-CRAZED HORSE, FROM THE SHARP HORN OF A RANGE STEER, DEATH FROM HORSE AND HORN IS A RISK A COWPOKE WILLINGLY TAKES — BUT THE DEATH THAT SPURTS FROM LAWLESS GUNS CALLS ALOUD FOR RETRIBUTION!

WHEN TIM HOLT AND HIS PRAIRIE PARTNER, CHITO, GO TO THE AID OF PUZZLED SHERIFF GATES, THEY FIND AN UNEXPECTED ALLY IN —

The Accusing Statue



FRANK BOLLE

THE STEADY POUND OF HOOVES ECHOES THROUGHOUT CACTUS PASS IN THE RIPSAP RANGE SOUTH OF BULLET...

HERE COMES HARPER, NOW!

DON'T MISS. HE'S GOT A SNAKEY GUNHAND!



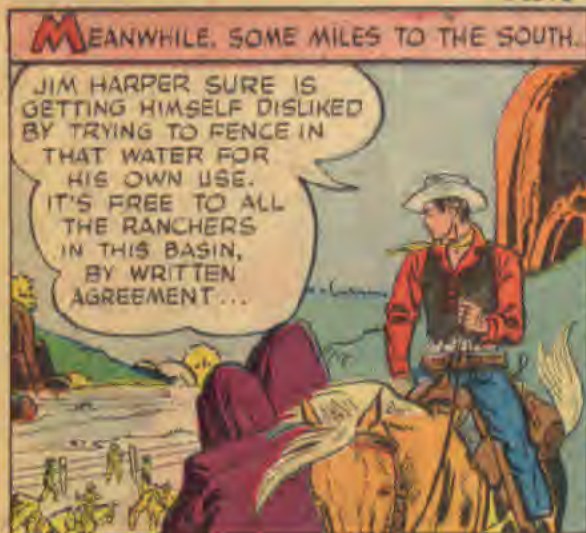
TWO HEAVY WINCHESTERS ROAR, AS ONE! A MOMENT LATER A MAN LIES LIFELESS ON THE TRAIL...

PLUGGED HIM PLUMB CENTER!

"SMOKE" WILL BE TICKLED WHEN HE HEARS THIS! LET'S HIGHTAIL IT...



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

HIDING A SMILE SO AS NOT TO OFFEND THE PROUD OLD MAN, TIM RECEIVES THE STATUE...

HOW CAN I THANK YOU?

NO THANK! TIM HOLT GOOD MAN, FEED SHY BEAR'S PEOPLE WHEN FAMINE COME. SHY BEAR NOT FORGET. THIS GOOD MEDICINE. FIND KILLER...



TIM! TIM! DON'T RIDE BACK TO YORE RANCH YET - THE WELLS-FARGO PEOPLE TELL ME JIM HARPER'S DAUGHTER IS DUE IN ON THE NEXT STAGE!

WELLS FARGO OFFICE

YOU THINK THE CATTLEMEN MIGHT CONTINUE THE QUARREL WITH HER?



DUNNO. I'D BREATHE A LOT EASIER IF I KNEW SHE WAS SAFE.

HMMM. MIGHT BE THAT THE BOYS WOULD WANT TO SCARE HER AWAY! LET'S RIDE OUT AND MEET THE STAGE, ANYHOW!



AS A STAGE OF THE STIRRUP STAGE COMPANY ROUNDS A TURN IN A WESTERN RIPSAP MOUNTAINS, A HOARSE VOICE CRIES OUT ---

REIN UP, DRIVER! DON'T MAKE A MOVE, AN' YUH WON'T BE HURT!



COME ON OUT, MISS HARPER. YOU'RE THE ONE WE'RE AFTER!

BUT-?



NOW, YOU LOOKY HERE! IF YUH'RE AFTER GOLD, YUH CAN TAKE IT - BUT NOBODY HARMS A FEMALE WHILE I'M HANDLIN' THE RIBBONS...

I'LL CLOSE HIS YAP-



AT THAT MOMENT, LIGHTNING'S HOOVES TATTOO THUNDER ON THE ROAD AS TIM'S SIX-GUN LEAPS FROM ITS HOLSTER...

SHERIFF! IT'S A HOLDUP!



Owww! HIGHTAIL IT! IT'S THE SHERIFF!



TIM HOLT



I WAS SO FRIGHTENED. THEY WANTED ME... I'M ELLIE HARPER! THEY— THEY LOOKED SO CRUEL!

I'D NEVER BELIEVE IT OF THE BOYS AROUND BULLET!

DON'T BE SILLY, SHERIFF! THIS WAS AN OUTSIDE JOB!

OUR BOYS ONLY QUARRELED WITH HARPER ABOUT **WATER RIGHTS**. THAT QUARREL DIDN'T EXTEND TO HIS DAUGHTER, BUT THIS ATTEMPTED KIDNAPPING SHOWS THAT THE KILLERS ARE AFTER **MORE THAN WATER RIGHTS...**

AFTER TIM AND THE SHERIFF BREAK THE SAD NEWS OF HER FATHER'S DEATH AS GENTLY AS POSSIBLE TO THE WEeping GIRL...

I RECKON IT WAS MIGHTY THOUGHTLESS OF US, MISS, TO TELL YOU SO SUDDENLY. BUT WE WANT TO CATCH THOSE KILLERS. ANYTHING YOU CAN TELL US THAT WILL HELP US...?



-SOB-SOB-
I—I UNDERSTAND, AND THERE IS SOMETHING...

YOU SEE, MY FATHER WAS AN **OUTLAW**. AND HE RAN WITH A BUNCH OF OUTLAWS UP NORTH. ONE DAY HE STOLE ALL THE MONEY THEY HAD ROBBED, AND CAME SOUTH WITH IT. HE BOUGHT THE SLASH BOX RANCH, AND SETTLED DOWN TO LIVE PEACEABLY...



ON THE WAY TO BULLET, ELLIE HARPER TELLS HER STORY...

I KNEW NOTHING OF ALL THIS UNTIL RECENTLY. I WAS IN AN EASTERN FINISHING SCHOOL WHERE MY FATHER HAD SENT ME WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE GIRL. WHEN I GRADUATED, I WAS GOING TO COME LIVE WITH HIM. THEN, ANONYMOUS LETTERS CAME, TELLING ABOUT MY FATHER'S PAST...



THE OUTLAWS FROM WHOM HE STOLE THE LOOT WERE AFTER HIM. HE FINALLY WROTE TO ME, TELLING ME OF THIS DANGER, ADVISING ME TO STAY BACK EAST UNTIL IT WAS SETTLED. BUT I CAME OUT HERE TO BE BY HIS SIDE... **TOO LATE!**



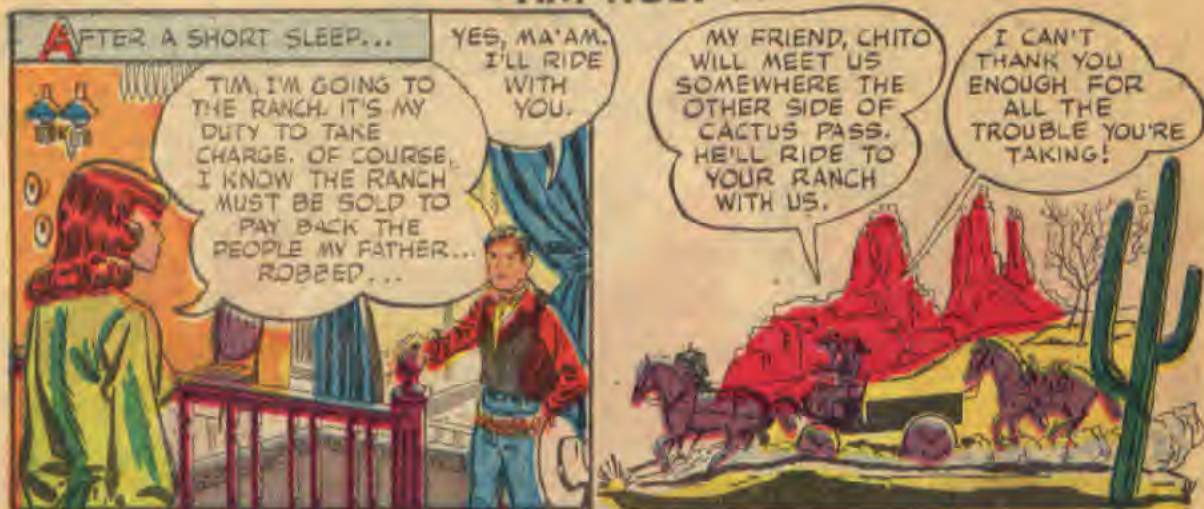
AS ELLIE HARPER RESTS IN THE BULLET HOTEL, TIM AND SHERIFF GATES TALK IN LOW WHISPERS ON THE FIRST FLOOR...

THEY'LL MAKE ANOTHER TRY FOR HER. SHE'S TOO DANGEROUS TO THEM ALIVE. THEY WROTE LETTERS ABOUT HER FATHER—AND THOSE LETTERS MIGHT CONVICT THEM IN A LAW COURT.

I'LL SEND A MAN FOR CHITO. HE AND I WILL GUARD HER UNTIL THIS THING IS SETTLED!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

AS ELLIE HARPER TURNS UP THE KEROSENE LAMP, A HAIL OF HOT LEAD SWEEPS TOWARD TIM —



WALKED RIGHT INTO IT! — AND I HOPE I CAN WALK OUT....!

MISSED... AND MISS AGAIN!

RUN FOR IT!

WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON STOPPIN' LEAD!

YEAH — WE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR!



I WAS ON OTHER SIDE OF HOUSE, TIM. THEY RIDE TOWARD CACTUS PASS!

PROBABLY ON THEIR WAY TO BULLET.

THEY STOLE MONEY AND JEWELS — THE LOOT THAT MY FATHER TOOK FROM THEM!

WE'LL CATCH THEM!

LET'S GO, CHITO!



THROUGH ARROYO AND CANYON THE MOONLIGHT CHASE CONTINUES, RIGHT INTO TOWN ITSELF —

WE ALMOST CAUGHT THEM, CHITO. THERE THEY GO — INTO THE PRAIRIE QUEEN SALOON! YOU STAND GUARD OUTSIDE... DON'T LET THEM COME OUT!

EEF THEY COME OUT, THEY FIND OUT HOW THEES TOWN OF BULLET GET HER NAME!



COME ALONG, SHERIFF, CHITO AND I HAVE CORRALED HARPER'S KILLERS IN THE PRAIRIE QUEEN!

GOOD! BUT — WHAT YUH WANT WITH THEM SULPHUR MATCHES, TIM? YUH DON'T SMOKE NONE!

THESE MATCHES, SHERIFF — ARE GOING TO HELP CAPTURE THOSE KILLERS FOR US! RIGHT NOW I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE... BUT THE MATCHES WILL TELL ME!



TIM HOLT

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE PRAIRIE QUEEN...

WE'RE AFTER THREE KILLERS, WHO DRYGULCHED JIM HARPER! TIM HERE HAS AN IDEA HOW TO TELL WHO THEY ARE. GO AHEAD, TIM!

I'M GOING INTO THE NEXT ROOM AND LEAVE THIS LITTLE INDIAN STATUE IN THERE...

YOU FOLKS ARE GOING INTO THAT ROOM ON BY ONE AND PUT YOUR HAND ON THIS STATUE. IT WILL THEN, BY A SECRET WAY KNOWN ONLY TO MYSELF, REVEAL TO ME WHICH OF YOU KILLED JIM HARPER...

YUH REALLY DON'T BELIEVE THAT HOGWASH, DO YUH, TIM?

EES SEELY, TIM! NO STATUE CAN DO THAT!

BUT THIS STATUE CAN! WAIT! YOU'LL SEE...

ONE AFTER ANOTHER, COW-POKE AND MINER, DANCEHALL GIRL AND BARTENDER, FILE INTO THE SIDE ROOM. WHEN THEY COME OUT, MINUTES LATER...

ALL RIGHT, CHITO—TURN OUT THE LIGHTS!

THE ROOM DARKENS. IN THE PITCH BLACKNESS, HANDS GLOW WITH PHOSPHORESCENT BRIGHTNESS! AND TIM CRIES OUT SUDDENLY...

ARREST THOSE THREE MEN, SHERIFF. THEY ARE THE KILLERS! THEIR HANDS DO NOT GLOW WITH THE PHOSPHORUS FROM THE SULPHUR MATCHES WHICH I RUBBED ON THE STATUE!

I KNEW THE INNOCENT PEOPLE IN THE CROWD WOULD NOT BE AFRAID TO TOUCH THE STATUE. ONLY THE GUILTY MEN FEARED WHAT IT MIGHT DO. THEY SUSPECTED A TRICK—AND DID NOT TOUCH THE STATUE. THEIR HANDS SHOWED NO BRIGHTNESS WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!

ALLO! THEY'VE THEE LOOT THEY STOLE FROM THE SLASH BOX STILL IN THEIR POCKETS!

A GOOD JOB, TIM. THE FEDERAL JUDGE WILL TRY THEM ON HIS NEXT SWING AROUND THESE PARTS.

ELLIE HARPER WILL SELL THE RANCH AND PAY BACK THE PEOPLE HER FATHER ROBBED THEN SHE IS GOING EAST. AND I'M GOING TO THANK OLD SHY BEAR...

THE END

CANYON TRAP



EVEN in the dry Arizona air, the sweat beaded on his forehead as Flip Carson looked down at the white sea of woolly backs. Mark Hedger was driving his sheep forward toward the Crazy Canyons with reckless disregard of the agreement between himself and the cattlemen of the Talus Basin ranges. Once Hedger got his woolies through those twisted canyons onto the rich grasslands of the basin, this entire section would blaze into a bloody range war!

Federal Marshal Carson grunted savagely. It was easy for the Chief Marshal to tell him, "There's a powder keg in Talus Basin, Flip. A sheepman-cattlemen war, all set to pop. So I'm sending you there. See Hedger. See the ranch owners. Make some sort of compromise but — stop that war!"

He shifted in the saddle, estimating the time it would take the sheep to hit the first stretch of talus-dotted canyon slopes. He was one man against a range, but he was a federal marshal. A surge of pride made him smile a little as he toed his big white gelding down the gentle slope. *He thinks one man can do it; one good man, that is, he thought. And it's up to me to prove he's right!*

He came down the twisting, narrow trail toward the canyon floor with reckless disregard. Stones and shale clattered and bounced under the gelding's hooves. As he went, Flip loosened the twin, walnut-butted sixguns strapped low on his thighs. It would have been smarter, he knew, to run for the Pitchfork ranch and help; but if he brought the ranches into this attempt to stop the sheep, the range war he came to avert would explode with blood and bullets.

Calmly, unexcitedly, Flip knew this was his job alone. Either he stopped the sheep by himself, or he failed in his mission.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of a big herd of antelope grazing in one of the box canyons. Their white, bobbing tails made flashes of brilliance in the sunlight as they ran. Flip swung his mount southward, toward the entrance into the canyons.

He rode for ten minutes when the thunderous beat of pounding hooves brought him up with tight rein. A cowpuncher, bent low over

the saddle, was flailing his paint pony with a quirt. Behind him came three sheepmen, rifles in their hands. The man in the lead of the sheepmen Flip recognized as Hedger.

When the cowpuncher was twenty feet from Flip, Hedger lifted his Winchester. A red flame leaped from the blue-steel muzzle. The cowpuncher sobbed hoarsely and twisted sideways, dropping like a stone from the kak. Flip's hands dropped and lifted. His sixguns roared, but at this distance he could not expect a hit. The three sheepmen reined in abruptly at sight of him; spurred their mounts back the way they had come, bending low against the whipping manes.

Flip knelt in the dust of the canyon floor. The cowpuncher's face was a mask of pain. He choked, "... was riding back from town. Took a shortcut ... they saw me ... thought I was there to spy on 'em. They chased me."

His head slipped sideways and his eyes closed. Flip growled low. There was no time to take the cowhand to his ranch, for decent burial. It would have to be done here, now, quickly and crudely; for Hedger would waste no time getting his sheep through the canyons. However, Flip realized, Hedger would have to get rid of him, Flip Carson, too; he was a witness to the cold-blooded killing.

Less than thirty minutes later, Flip was moving forward along the rimrock, pausing to glance back at the wind-eroded rocks where three sticks of dynamite were set at strategic spots in the rocks. One good blast from that dynamite, and fifty tons of rock would cascade down the side of the canyon wall to block the floor to anything less than a mountain goat!

When Flip reached the lip of the rimrock, he turned and looked far down the canyons, where the moving sheep made a tossing white blanket along the sandy canyon bottom. They were near enough now to see the rock as it exploded, yet far enough away to be unharmed.

Flip pressed down on the plunger, and a solid sheet of red flame rocked the canyon with ear-blasting echoes. Head down, he crouched on the edge of the cliffside, hearing the rock split and crack, hearing it rattle and

bounce as it rumbled down the sloping wall toward the flat canyon floor. Dust lifted in gigantic mushrooms. Tiny chips of stone thudded around him.

When the noise faded, and as the dust was settling, Flip heard the frightened bawling of the sheep. Half a dozen men had run forward, and were staring at the boulders astride the road through Crazy Canyons. It would take them days to remove that block. In that time, he would have made his arrest of Hedger for the murder of the cowpuncher, and the threat of a sheep war would be over. Without Hedger, his men would turn back.

Flip rose to his feet, balancing himself carefully on the slender walk.

Poiinnngg!

The shrill whine of a Winchester bullet ended with a dull *thupppp* on the canyon wall inches from his face, then sang shrilly as it ricocheted upward toward the blue sky. Flip went forward on his stomach, crawling toward the wider top of the cliff.

Again the rifle cracked, and again. The bullets hit close to his chest. He risked a glance behind and below him. Hedger was standing on the canyon floor, levering another shell into his .44-40.

"I'm after you, lawman!" the sheep owner bellowed. "It's between you and me now! I got three days to clear that block—three days in which to run you to your grave!"

And Hedger ran forward and began to climb. He paused to wave a blue-shirted arm, and then Flip saw the men who were with him: four—no, five sheepmen, with lowslung Colts and Winchesters, and bandoliers of shells across their middles.

Flip travelled fast, up the sheer rocksides, clinging to shrubs and clumps of mesquite. He could not fight off six men in these rocks. While three of them pinned him in some hiding place with their fire, the other three could circle above or behind him, and a well-placed shot would end his crime-fighting career. Somehow he would have to let Hedger get close to him—but how?

From the height of the canyon wall, extending almost to the other side, was a sheer bluff of red sandstone. It made a natural bridge that stretched to within four feet of the other wall. Flip ran along it, knowing Hedger was close behind him, panting and running, eager for a spot to stop and shoot. Flip flung himself into the air when he came to the gap between the ridges. He hurtled through the air in a jump, landed and spilled amid the rocky debris littering the top of the wall on the opposite side.

Hedger was coming, running fast, bent low. Flip might have dropped him with a shot, but the distance was great, and he wanted Hedger alive, not dead.

Flip turned and fled, moving downwards now, toward the canyon floor. Behind him he heard Hedger bellow.

"He's headin' downward! You hombres go back—cut him off from below, while I pin him to the rocks from above. We'll get him in a crossfire that way!"

Flip moved as fast as he dared. A slip here on the steep slopes would spill him more than a hundred feet below, onto hard, jagged talus rock. He risked another glance into the nearby box canyon. The pronghorn antelope herd was moving restlessly. Flip grinned, and angled down toward the box canyon.

The breeze was on his face as he dropped the last five feet into the box canyon. It was a wide, huge natural corral of a place, with sheer rock walls towering up into the blue sky. With a grimace of recklessness, Flip realized that it might prove a trap for him. He could hear excited shouts, and drumming feet coming up the outside floor. He had to time this just right. . . .

His guns flashed into his hands, started blasting against the wall behind the pronghorns. Antelope will invariably head upwind when startled. Now, with white tails flashing, they went bounding and leaping forward toward the narrow canyon entrance through which the wind was whipping.

The antelope and the five sheepmen came into the narrow entrance together. Crazed by the screaming bullets bouncing off the rock walls behind them, followed by a wildly screaming federal marshal, the pronghorns never faltered. They hit the five sheepmen, crashed them to the ground and ran over them.

Flip whirled, and his smoking guns were refilled with shells. Hedger, hearing his men yell, must have reasoned that they had cornered the marshal. He was standing on a ledge fifteen feet from the ground, a rifle in his hand, outlined against the red-and-white-veined canyon wall like a target in a gallery.

Flip said, "Toss your rifle first, Hedger—then slip off your shell belts and let them fall. You're coming into town as my prisoner, to face a murder charge. Don't expect any help from those five hombres of yours, either. They're too busy patching up their wounds. A pronghorn's hoof can do a lot of damage when you catch it in the ribs."

Hedger let his rifle fall. His shellbelts slipped from his hips. His shoulders rounded and his head fell forward. He was a beaten man.

Flip knew the danger of a range war was over. He whistled a few bars of a dancehall tune as he followed Hedger toward his horse. He felt good.

THE END.

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT'S

RANGE
BOOK

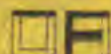
THE STRAIGHT IRON...

A BRANDING IRON USED BY RUSTLERS, FOR WITH A STRAIGHT (OR UNSHAPED) BRAND, ANOTHER BRAND CAN EASILY BE CHANGED, OR COPIED. FINDING A STRAIGHT IRON ON A MAN WAS ALMOST A DEAD SNEAWAY THAT HE WAS A RUSTLER!



THE BUFFALO...

THAT ONCE ROAMED THE DRAINAGE OF THE WEST NUMBERED OVER MILLIONS IN ONE HERD! INDIGENES DEPENDED ON THE BUFFALO FOR FOOD, CLOTHING, TALLOW, AND HALF A DOZEN OTHER NEEDS OF DAILY LIFE. NOW ALMOST EXTINCT, A FEW HERDS ROAM THE NATIONAL PARKS.



EXAMPLE OF
BRAND - CHANGING
BAR F TO BOX A BRAND

CANYONS...

FROM THE GRAND CANYON IN ARIZONA TO BRYCE CANYON IN UTAH, AND HELL'S CANYON IN IDAHO, THESE MIGHTY GAPS IN THE EARTH'S CRUST ARE TYPICALLY AMERICAN. HOLLOWED OUT BY ANCIENT RIVERS, AND ERODED BY GIANTIC WIND STORMS, THEY ARE DIPPED IN THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW!

GLOSSARY

MESCAL: AN INDIAN AND MEXICAN
DRINK MADE FROM
THE MAMUEY PLANT

MORGAN: A STRAIN OF HORSES

TO COUNT COUP: COWBOY
TERM FOR COUNTING UP
THE DEAD AFTER A BATTLE

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

DOG OR WOLF? WOULD "THUNDER" STAND THAT STRANGE TEST OF LOYALTY BETWEEN MAN AND DOG, OR WOULD THE WOLF BLOOD THAT COURSED IN HIS VEINS TURN HIS MUZZLE TO THE WILDS? THOUGH TIM BELIEVED IN HIM, THUNDER HIMSELF HAD TO GIVE THE ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM OF THE WILD BREED



SOMEWHERE ON THE SOUTHERN FRINGE OF THE T BAR H RANCH, AMID THE VOLCANIC ROCK RIDGES OF THE BADLANDS ---



I'VE BEEN HUNTING THE LION THAT'S BEEN KILLING MY STEERS — AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I'VE FOUND HIM...!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



SOME MINUTES LATER, A MAN WALKS INTO THE NIGHT, A LIMP DOG IN HIS ARMS---



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



HH! HE'S RUNNING AWAY!



AS TIM GALLOPS LIGHTNING NORTHWARD, THREE MEN BELLY DOWN ON A FLAT ROCK LEDGE, RIFLES ALERT —

HE'S COMIN'!

SHOOT TO KILL I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF BEIN' HOUNDED! WE CAN'T GET A CHANCE TO SPEND ANY OF THE MONEY WE LIFTED OFF HIM!

SUDDENLY, ON THE TRAIL BELOW, A HUGE BLACK FORM LEAPS UPWARD!

THUNDER! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

-WROOF!-
-WROOF!-

WHAT IS IT, BOY? WHAT DO YOU SEE OR SMELL? DANGER? IS THERE A TRAP UP AHEAD?

GRRRR...

IT WAS A TRAP. I SEE THE THREE OF THEM, HIGHTAILING IT INTO THE SHRUB COUNTRY! YOU SAVED ME, THUNDER!

I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT KNOWING THOSE OWLHOOTS NOW. YOU KNOW THEM THUNDER —

— SO LET'S GO GET 'EM!



TIM HOLT



MEBBE WE CAN SHAKE THEM BY TRAVELLIN' ON THIS LAVA ROCK!

THAT DOG WILL SMELL US OUT NO MATTER WHERE WE GO!

WE GOT TO LIGHT DOWN AN' TRY ANOTHER AMBUSH. IT'S ALL WE CAN DO!



TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW. TAKE COVER BEHIND SOME ROCKS!

WE SHOULD HAVE KILLED THAT GUY AFTER WE ROBBED HIM!



START SHOOTIN'!

WE'RE SHOOTIN'! STOP SHAKING AN' HIT HIM!



WITH BOTH SIXGUNS BLAZING, TIM LEAPS LIGHTNING OVER THE ROCK PARAPET—



DROP YOUR GUNS, YOU HOMBRES! I'M TAKING YOU TO THE NEAREST JAIL...!



TIM HEADS HIS PRISONERS SOUTHWARDS...

DON'T TRY A BREAK! YOU'D GET TANGLED UP MIGHTY UNPLEASANTLY IN THOSE ROPES!

SOME DAYS LATER, THEIR PRISONERS BEHIND BARS IN A COW TOWN JAIL, TIM RIDES ON WITH HIS MONEY, HIS HORSE AND — HIS DOG!



YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF THUNDER. YOU'RE NO WOLF — BUT A MAN'S FRIEND, A DOG...!

THE END



TIM HOLT

HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 190-U, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 190-U
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, lanky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No.....State.....
(if any)